

A free admonition without any fees/

To warne the Papistes to beware of three trees.



If that you be
not past all
grace,
O Pappstes
heare mee
speake,
Let reason
rule, and
truth take
place,

Crete you from that you seeke.
Can you God or his woord deface?
Can you the truth wythstand?
Can you our noble Queene displace,
And yet lyue in England?

Take heede beware the Deuyll is a
he wyl you sure begyle: (knaue
In cruelty he would you haue
To serue hym here awhile.
Wyth lying and hypocrisy,
His kyngdome to mayntayne:
Containing truth and equity,
This is hys subtile trayne.

Let cursed Cain example be,
That slew Abel his brother:
Whom neither God with Maiesty,
Could moue to leaue his murder
Nor yet the godly lyfe of hym,
That gaue hym none offence,
Tyll he had heaped vpon hys synne,
In practesying his pretence.

Let Coze and Dathan come fro hell
where now they do remayne,
That they their minds at lech may
wherefore they ther remain. (cel
Namely, for that they did rebel,
And would not be perswaded,
But would be Lordes in Israel,
Tyll hel had them deuoured.

What could make Absalon mecke &
And to desist from rage: (came
his father Dauids worthy fame,
O yet his counsel sage:
No, no, these things wil not preuail
with hym that feares not God,
The force of doctrine ther doth fail,
Tyll God strike with his rod.

And as the Deuil in these did rage,
To worke his Wycked Wyl,
That nothyng coude they furze
Tyll they did it fulfyl. (swage

So that the law of God and Man,
They sought to onerthrow,
Euen so of late I truly can
The lyke vnto you show.

When Kyng Edward of worthy fame
had Antichrist put downe,
And to the glory of Gods name,
had placed truth in her rooine:
The denhire dolts like Rebels ranck,
In rusty armour ranged,
But hangd wer som, their cariös stäck,
The world was quickly changed.

And then dyd Ket the tanner stout
In Norfolke play his part,
Assemblyng such his Rebels rout,
That Innocents might smart.
But hanged he was, this was his end,
And so ende all the sort,
That Rebels are, and wyl not mend,
A rope be their comfort.

Such blessings as the Nortons had,
And such as Felton found,
God send them all that are so bad
wyth heeles to blesse the ground.
If that you lyke not for to haue,
This blessing in a rope,
Leaue of you Rebels for to raue
And curse your Dad the Pope?

which makes you oft such Crowes to
Then leaues you in the mire, (pul
In sending you to such a Bull,
This is but symple hire.
Behold the end of chys attempte
That last here was begun,
Loe God your doying doth preuent,
The Rebels race to run.

Bynce God by grace doth guyde hys
That none can them annoy, (flock
If you be grafted in this stocke,
He wyl you not destroy.
Feare God, flee syn, the truth embrace,
And seeke your Prince to please,
Obey the lawes and call for grace,
So shall you lyue at peace.

God saue our Queene Elizabeth.

EINIS.

G. B.

Printed at Londo by John Aw
dely, for Henry Kirkhain, dwelling at the mid-
dle North doore of Paules, at the signe of the
blacke Boy. The .xij. of December.

1571.